THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THE LAND OF POESY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CLARE.

There is a land beyond the vulgar sight,
Where earthly cares never enter;
Where grief itself is changed into delight,
And pleasure banishes all thought of pain.

Soft-gliding through a broad and verdant plain,
Lo! many streamlets wend their noiseless flight;
Till, far away, their waters mingle,
And, purging, fill the cool earth sweet delight.

A-of flocks are sporting on the grassy brink,
On cassile-fringed banks, and in the beam
Of the icy arbor sun-rays, to drink
Of the pure cool crystal stream.

Majestic oaks, on the distant view,
Are massive forming in the vaulted sky,
Chaste in appearance, and yet graceful too!
To cleave the fancy, and delight the eye.

But leave we things material, to feel
The calm and peace of this land where he'l
Some happier essence of the "chainless mind,"
Can breathe its native air.

High, on a throne, whose shining walls display
The brightest gems from every land and sea,—
Like these the world can boast of—
Where at her feet those heads fall weary a hour.

Or, that were the banshee of the throng.
That hand so lately before her strong,
I'd rather to that happy land belong
Than sit on the throne of the world.

Then, sounds swell, let after all is not the gaudy
The land of poesy—and it is not the gaudy
And fame and glory are spirit-stirring words I grant
You—but tell me what is the use of fame and
glory?

"You have answered your own question," she
replied, "in calling them 'spirit-stirring words.' If
they were not so, they would be worthless. What
and the brain to quicken, and the soul to thrill, can
you ask the use of Fame?

He smiled at her ingenuity. "Will it put money in
your pocket?" And in not a good answer worth
much?

"Hush, hush!" she replied earnestly; "don't talk
so. You know it is not. Men need not live by
bread alone, and he who has a soul to feed with
genius, and lives not up to the gift it facilities to his
soul. I would not have those who have but
the same talent struggle for more. Let them feel
no good incomes—but talk not to me of the man
who has received the 'one,' resting content with the
same. The answer to that is quite quenches the
light that is within him. The very poetry of his
nature forbids it. He must have an object, and that
a high one, or his lamp is extinguished.

"And that object you would have Fame?"
said, surprisingly, as he gazed into her earnest
face.

"If he within the reach of his intellect, certainly, I must reply. But as much object should
be to be true to himself—to his inner, higher self.
To sounds his own generous nature and best
spirit.

"The tones are out of joint, I fear," he continued,
still in the same playful tone of contradiction; "the
harp strings. This is a world of discord, and poetry
is not the current coin of the times.

"Poetry is but the spirit of Truth," she answered, "and that should be always the current coin of
times; are never out of joint to the brave and
strong.

True," he answered, dropping his careless tone,
and evidently something of her excitement; "you
are right. I thought of the world of the
men now. There is that in man which makes him
love even in the mean, suggested to the call or nobler
spirits.

Being now joined by others, Lester was interrupted,
and presently Ellen was carried to the other
end of the room. She was pleased with what she
thought worth looking at; while Lester remained
where she had left him, his heart a-not his head,
and his eye following the retreating form of the
fair maid.

"Beautiful enthusiast!" he said, looking after
her. "But more must be said and done, indeed,
who does not feel himself required to wear a name
after contention with you. I will not be left be-
hand in the race. He began repeating: "Ah!
times is the dance or art!" thought he his mind is
long another level. Then suddenly think of a bright
face very thing to win a reputation. Much they
know of the fog and trial and struggle. Pretty
exaggerations. The very world and poetry are
from off their feet, and yet they want the good
things of this world too. How gentleman some
they may be, and how graceful in the world
fine too." And so he turned away to join some
more gossip, while Ellen was thinking over their
conversation in another direction.

How he always disappoints me! And yet it's
in—she knew not more what he might—but it's a
bad style.

Yes, Ellen it was in him and he fell away what
he was not made to be—a man of genius. He
has one soul that which is noble and beautiful, yet
was made a man or the world to follow out the im-
pulse. The intellect was there, and the heart
and it was this that gave rise to those variations
and contradictions that astonished and perplexed
Ellen Maybrook. He interested her, she excited
him, and yet they never met but to part with feel-
ings of displeasure. That Lester was noble nature
thing wanting, yet scarcely knew what, and was
disappointed, she hardly knew why.

He was disappointed, for no angel had troubled
the pool." She touched his imagination, and roused
all his better nature. He was captivated by her
earnest and gleaming spirit, her high-toned, generous
feelings, and perhaps more than all, her grace and
loveliness; for where is the man of genius who is
not the slave of beauty? "Could he have kept his
spirit to that flight, he had been happy;" but scarce-
ly had she vanished from his sight on the spell was
broken, or at least suspended. Other visions and
feelings had their turn, and he soon fell back upon
his true character. If he was captivated, it was
not against his judgment, but his will. Ellen May-
brook had nothing—and that was not the worst of
it, she had none as or eight brothers and sisters.
As an only child, want of fortune might have been
forgiven—but he hated large families, and poor
ones he despised. To true the Maybrooks were
people of standing and consideration. Mr. May-
brook was a man of high character and talents. But
then if he died, "what was to become of all those
children?" He had an instinctive feeling that they
would or might come upon the brother in law. He
shivered at the thought. Then the very qualities
in Ellen that captivated him while with her, told
against her in his absence. He felt that with her
fame would be no rest for his moral nature, and he
he did not want to keep his soul always on the
stretch. He preferred talents to genius in a wife.
"Sleepy Hollow" of Selfishness. But still, with all
this, his fine imagination and cultivated intellect
would have yielded to the spell, had there not been
a soul, smaller than a mustard grain, in the inner-
most recesses of his soul, that will stem the tide of
the strongest feelings, and anchor the mind firmly
against all impulses. And that was *the love of
money.*

His parents had commenced life with nothing, but
by patient toil and careful economy they had ac-
cumulated something more than competency. His
country had commenced what ended in being a labor
of love. That which old Lester had toiled for, he
intended. Perhaps there had been an original thread
of avarice running through the family. At any rate
habit and education had now interwoven it in their
natures. The father had taught his son to save, and
though they had one child beside a daughter, he
was there pride, their idol. Love worldliness, am-
bition, all centered in him, and to watch his ac-
cumulating reputation and fortune, was to be the re-
ward and delight of their old age.

Under this circumstances, but steady and strong,
he had grown up, and how deeply it had tinged his
soul, no one knew. Young and gifted and generous
one could have suspected the canker within him.
No one less than himself. Ellen Maybrook even
had her at times startled and delighted with his
enlightened bursts of eloquence as he denounced the
sordid vice of gain, and the unblushing selfishness
that too often are spread over it. To even the life and
was the goal of fortune with one of the Maybrooks
as a wish. They believed almost as an impossibility
that he would one day have the whole family on
his hands they deemed inevitable. That those in-
cumbrances, as they considered them, would be
were spirited, energetic, lovetable members of the
profession they had adopted, regarded little with the
exception of Ellen. These younger children had
yet grown up—and beside they shrank from the
use, fruitless and grievous spirit that characterized
the elder members of the family. Ellen was not
not rich, they probably would be poisoned all
events they were dangerous. They wished Frank
Lester to marry her, and to watch his in-
creasing

United States SATURDAY POST.

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NOTICE.

We have received information through a correspondent out of the County, publisher of Godey's Book, that a certain individual named Franklin T. Jennings, has been receiving money as an agent of the Post, and also of Godey's Book, of Philadelphia. We know no agent of that name, and the probability is that he is a counterfeit. Mr. C. W. Jones is our agent for Ohio, and he has no assistant by the name of E. T. Jennings, who we believe is employed in Michigan. Our friends through the country would do well, when called upon by those who represent themselves as agents of this or other periodicals to demand a sight of their credentials. The name of our agents may always be found on the thin page of the paper.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are in arrears for this paper.

Of R. S. Hewitt, late of Montgomery, Alabama.
Of ——— O. Perkins, late of Fairfield, Alabama.
Of Henry Lee, late of Houston, Texas.
Of Wm. H. Spencer, late of New Canonsburgh, Mich.
Of Saml. Dowell, late of Lexington, Mich.
Of ——— S. Lawrence, late of Little Prairie Ronde, Michigan.

Or of Wm Parsons, Jr., late of Waterford, Mass.
Or of Robert Ray, late of Troy, N. Y.
Of Thos. Howe, late of Thorndike, Maine.
Of Reuben Hunt late of Worcester, Mass.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LET NOT YOUR HEART TREMBLE. We are obliged to our friend for his favor and trust to have the pleasure of receiving more of his productions. Can't you favor us with a short article or two relative to the climate &c. towns of the County.

THE PULPIT.

There is perhaps, no instrumentality so power-full to this country, as reaching the hearts and influencing the lives of men, as the Pulpit. For this we reflect that the greater portion of the intelligents of every town, village and country district in the land derive their principal information relative to the Lives of those who are supposed to speak as the oracles of God. So we look to no other source for information beyond the influence or political leaders, or even perhaps the constant campaign of the Press, in the power of the teachings at time, whose mission it is to preach the superiority of the spiritual and eternal, in that which is merely earthly and perishing.

If we have not misconstrued the judgement of the Pulpit, and we think we have not, it is evident that a great and fearful inquiry exists the minds of those who occupy the position of moral and religious teachers. The fault is, in fact, given into their hands, and how to teach, so as to impart their instructions or wisdom, the people are suffered to go astray! We to them if they fail to fill up their course and refuse instruction—for then it rages a fire of corruption when it floweth like a flood!

We say it emphatically, and with a sense of the weighty responsibility resting on us, we will say it, *—what we fear the preaching heard from our pulpits is not, generally speaking, sufficiently practical and pointed.* We lose too much in mind about the *Passions of all the time*, and too little about those of the present moment. We think about the sins which *may* whose gain the beggar Lazarus lay naked, and too little of the selfish rich man of this generation, or *himself* gains the Lazarus of to-day are now lying—now. Neath about those who persecuted the Saviour of old, *—* not too little as to those who in our own day *"are crucifying* Him afresh, and putting Him to open shame."

If this be not too much the case, how is it that it has been left for us, who fill no pulpit, who do not even edit a profession, religious sheet, (though we trust the *Post* will ever be found on the side of morality and virtue) to call attention to an evil of the most insidious and pernicious character.

Open the "religious papers" of the country—in how many instances will they be found more than occasionally devoted to the interests of their particular branch of the Christian church, and filled with details of its business arrangements, but of such, to a great degree, as especially would not belong to the particular sect of which they are organs, but, consequently, but of little interest and influence, to the individual spirit do we make these remarks; but only to call the attention of the publications world to this matter, and show how far it is not the truth. No one would reject more than ourselves were it otherwise—and we have hailed and that from those who grow themselves indifferent to *these public interests.*

The Methodist Protestant, published in Baltimore, devotes an article to this subject, beginning as follows:

"The editor of the Saturday Evening Post—most admirably conducted literary sheet—is armed with great severity upon the immoral publications, misnamed literature, that crowd the shelves of our literary depots. We have given in the above, his opinions, together with the extracts upon this important subject. Too long have the conductors of literary publications, such as the Post, forborne to say what they knew to be the truth, from the fear of offending certain wealthy and respectable publishers. We rejoice that morality and religion have found one friend at least, and that one of the most respectable families. And is no one suspected aside for that! Wasse duty was it, if not that of another, to lift up the voice in the first instance in the first appearance of such works in such places, in a tone of warning and rebuke, proportioned to the magnitude of the evil?

Not though in all candor, we are compelled to say that we think that ministers in general have been culpable in this thing, yet we acknowledge ourselves to be above reproach. We remember to have heard when we were in Boston last summer, that the Rev. Dr. Lowell, of Cambridge, had delivered a sermon on the same subject, and we regretted the loss of time publications, a short time previous; and we have now before us a sermon addressed to young men, by the Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, which for earnestness and power is worthy of high praise. The latter says:

"There is sadly much in the imagination filled with the vilest pictures, and the heart corrupted according to which are sought with a zest heightened by the fascination of mystery and concealment. Many of the young man begins to act for himself. What current terms or less than all the day-dreams and the night-visions of his fourth. Is there any wonder why *There are darker chambers of imagery in many a young heart* than those which are open to the day, *they are filled with images more abominable* than the face of day? *the heart of Herod More for* than that high festival—*Blasted are the years* in hurt.

"Impurity of thought, of word, and of action is the sin and of love, to shed a halo of light and peace into the bosom. They are foul, loathsome and detestable, and a thousand nameless vices. They are placed in direct antagonism to the purity of God, and the language has a boldness accompanied with the most awful sublimity of Paul to Keck. A child of fourteen is guilty of adultery, fornication, and suicide; a mother and her daughter reveal their indecencies to each other in the most contemptible manner, and a father and his son spend their time in arranging each other with the most abominable terms in their debaucheries, swindlings, and deeds. Every character that exists is found with vice. There is not one exception. These are not fictitious characters, but the *living realities of the story.* We shall see how it will end."

The Methodist Protestant says—"The remedy must be even worse than what we had supposed. We only gave it a slight glance—looking enough in a few minutes to satisfy us as to its character. And we the writer of the above criticism has no words of censure to bestow upon the publication, and we *deem it more dangerous because the more fascinating*—*sometimes clothed upon the garb of religion*—being even purchased by an intermediate father, for the entertainment of men and women, and we would speak at these more hints of the acts of God."

We wish that all our readers could peruse the whole of the above sermon. We will not call it an eloquent production, for such a term is not a proper one to be applied to such a discourse. That a sermon to devout, earnest, fervent, powerful, christian, living professors, both weeks and a house of worship—*sometimes found upon the parlor table*—having been purchased by an intermediate father, for the entertainment of men and women,

United States SATURDAY POST.

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The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

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Signed JAMES JORDAN, *Post Master.*

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Signed JAMES JORDAN, *Post Master.*

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the convenient mode of Post Office remittance, will remit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publication Office.

General News.

DEPARTURE OF THE CALEDONIA.—About ten o'clock, on Wednesday morning, the steam ship Caledonia, Thomas H. Perkins and Samuel Cunard, owners, Thomas H. Perkins and Samuel Cunard, owners, Henry Bowen and Alexander Cunard, masters, left New York on her first voyage to Liverpool, touching at Halifax, for the purpose of landing the mails and passengers destined for that port. The expedition conquered some severe storms and contrary winds, and although some unexpected occurrences occurred, it was many months ago, and the time of her departure was duly announced in the papers, yet the crowd was immense, and as far as expected, to avoid being arrested under a certain penal statute, the sheriff's officers proceeded to take the arrest, the man on duty on board the vessel, Mr. Bernard Hart, of the firm of Hart, Mott & Co., refused to allow the officers to land in the police line, when upon the application of the Mayor, the officers were withdrawn, and the vessel was allowed to proceed. The arrest of Captain Foster, the officers by whose directions the order to leave the ground was given, and the arrest of the man stationed in the hands of another officer for execution, are immediately understood to make the arrest, but no actual attempt was made.

Justice Drinker having made acquaintance with the circumstances, refused them to the Mayor, who after consultation with several more eminent counsel, issued a warrant under the seal of the corporation, directing the officers to arrest the vessel, on a joint commission to carry the mail into execution, and to bring her back. The vessel and equipped, proceeded to the battery with the utmost expedition, and the officers, as soon as the vessel was clear, going down the Bay at the rate of 10 knots an hour.

The Halifax Mails that some thirty of the volunteers and a Captain of a company, were left behind at the Colonel in his hurry. A warrant, too, who had come aboard with a writ of attachment against an officer on board, for the purpose of purchasing some horse bread for her child was left behind.

Public Good.—An immense meeting was held on Canal Hall, Baltimore, on Wednesday evening, called for the cause of the Irish to place lately returned in the Senate by Thomas H. Benton, in the Senate of Massachusetts. Judge Mosely Adams presided and his presence received the warmest acclamations. Mr. Benton, in a letter to the Hon. Mr. Thompson C. Phillips Wendell Phillips, Rev. Hosea Parker, Charles Francis Adams Esq. Rev. Theodore Parker, and Mr. Benton, and Mr. Benton, on the speakers. Mr. Adams spoke briefly on closing the chair. The resolutions evaluated the moral character of the Irish people, and their love and its origin, and among them was one recommending the formation of a Committee of Vigilance, whose duty it should be to watch the movements of the Senate, the protection of the laws to fugitive slaves. The meeting was addressed by Judge Mosely Hoone in the chairman, was appointed in accordance with this resolution.

The Ocean to Navigate and Mexico.—A vessel of 80 tons burden was launched at Pittsburgh, last week, named on Cap. Smith, U. S. Topographical engineers commanding him to appear and Assistant Engineer Lieutenant Woodruff, to survey the Rio Grande, with a view to the navigation of that river by their or steam boats. Capt. S. ordered the east and South, made a circuitous route, and the vessel was to be ready for the expedition in two months, and to be ready for the expedition in two months for Matamoras. An attachment was issued and possession of the vessel being forcibly removed from Sheriff, the case is now being forcibly removed from Sheriff, the case is now being heard in court. Much excitement has been caused by the seizure. The case is now being heard in court. Much excitement has been caused by the seizure. The case is now being heard in court. Much excitement has been caused by the seizure. The

Selected Poetry.

REQUIESCAT.

BY FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

TRANSLATED BY MARY MOHOTT.

Who'er the penitence bemoaned, yields—
Whether the earth or heaven—
Or reaps the golden harvest-fields
A wide and fatal sea to nourish,—
Whoever guides the laden barque,—
Or, where the merry wheels are turning,
Toils at the shop, till after dark,
Feed for his white haired children nursing,—

To him be honor and renown!
Honor to handicraft and village!
To every sweet drop falling down!
To crowded mills and busy mines!
All honor to the pulling ocean
Who holds the plough! He it was awarded
To him who writes with kind and brain,
And sings well! Him let no one grudge!

Whether in chambers close and small,
Mid musty tomes in fancy smothers,—
Or, to the trade in bondage thrall,
He dresses wolves, and sings for others;
Or, minister he, for wrested pay,
Translates the trash which he despises,—
Or, learning's sort, pen day by day,
Dunce-corps through chronic exercises;

He alone is a prey to care;
To him 'tis sad, "If here then, or hereto?"
Grey graves betime his raven hair,
And to the grave pursues him sorrow!
Of th land conspicuous and with merit,
He like the rest, must strive unwing;
And his young children's cry he loved
Maims his free spirit's glad aspiring!

Ah! such a one to me was known:
With benevolence and no reserve he's seconded,
Yet, deep in dust and darkness prone,
Care, sordid care, his life attended.
An exile and with blended bread,
He groaned in hot Colonial regions;
What goaded him to long unrest,
And scourged to bitterest self-denial.

Then, homesick, wrote he last to me,
With hollow cheek and eye of sadness:
While hyperchil and leafy tree
Were fluttering to the morning's gladness.
The thought sang and sighed with me:
Would not his pulses wildly beating;
And his light soul mount towards the light
When night from morning was retreated;

He long has sunk the turf beneath!
The wild winds through the grass a-sighing,
No sense is there, no mourning wreath,
To mark the spot where he is lying.
Their faces swell's wish weeping, both
Her wife and children went—"God save them!
Young paupers,—theirs to naught on earth,
Save the more mouths about the father gave them!

All honor to the plodding swain
That holds the plough! Be it not awarded
To him who writes with kind and brain,
And sings well! Him him not unregarded!
To sell all honor and renown!
Honor to handicraft and village!
To every sweet drop falling down!
To crowded mills and busy village!

Life in Russia.

IMPERIAL WEDDING PARTY.

The Rev. Dr. Baird, now in Europe, has furnished a lady in New York, a graphic description of the gorgeous spectacle and imposing ceremonies attending the celebration of the marriage of the Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of the Emperor Nicholas, to the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg, to attend which he was honored with a special invitation from the Emperor and Empress, while for the lighted guest of the amiable Prince and Princess of Oldenburg, at their country residence near Petersburg. This interesting letter is published in the *Journal of Commerce*, and we transfer all that part which concerns the marriage:

St. Petersburg, July 15, 1846.

My Dear Madam:—If the object of my present visit to Russia had been to see the splendors of its Court, I could not have chosen a more opportune occasion.

Immediately upon my arrival at Peterhoff, the Princess informed me that the Emperor and Empress had been good enough to say that it was their pleasure that I should be present at the marriage of the Grand Duchess, which was to take place that day (the 1st instant, according to the Old Style, but the 13th according to the New,) at noon in the Chapel of the Palace. This was an honor wholly unexpected by me, for owing to my illness I had not been presented to the court since my arrival, though I had been on a former occasion.

Upon our arrival at the Palace, we found the Emperor, the Grand Duke Michael, and the heir apparent, the Prince of Prussia, &c. surrounded by distinguished officers wearing some of the regiments of splendid Imperial Life Guards, who certainly deserve to be ranked among the finest looking soldiers in the world. A vast concourse of people thronged the parade ground, which was quite near to the Palace. The day was a remarkably beautiful one, and everything without, as well as everything, within that gorgeous building, indicated life, excitement and joy.

As soon as the review was over, all who were entitled to enter the Palace, hurried into it, until many of its vast apartments were well filled. Following my faithful guide, the Aid of the Prince, I made my way up to the second story, and having crossed several crowded rooms, found myself in that which contained the Ambassadors, their ladies and their suites. There I was placed by the side of Mr. Clay, the amiable and esteemed Secretary of the American Legation, and now acting Charge d'Affaires, who, I may say, in passing, would have ere this time have reached a higher diplomatic rank, if it were not too much the policy of those in power, with us, to reward their own partizans and friends with offices abroad for which few of them are qualified.

At length the moment so full of interest arrived, and we all began to move forward towards the Chapel, in due order. The Ambassadors were sent to enter. As I was placed among them, it fell to my lot, according to orders which none could dispute, to take my stand with them on one side of the chapel and within a few feet of the altar.

The chapel is a small one, not exceeding 18 or 20 feet square. The walls and dome are gorgeously adorned with pictures and gilding. I knew not when I have seen anything so splendid. There was no carpet on the floor, nothing, also, save that which resembled one. A platform of about one foot in height and some 12 or 15 feet square, occupied the centre. An altar most of the time, with a reading desk then standing close stand on the platform, but not to it, nearly in the side of it stood two small tables, on which rested two marriage crowns.

In front of the chapel was a room of the same size, less magnificently adorned, which might be called the vestibule of the Chapel. Those large doors opened from it into the Chapel. On the opposite side of the chapel was another room, not quite so large, where were the priests of the Greek and splendid robes. This might be designated the "Most Holy Place."

As we entered, we found several of the dignitaries of the Church standing in the centre of the chapel, and the choir of men and boys, dressed in deep purple cassa, which came down to their feet, standing half one side and half on the other of the chapel, near to the "Most Holy Place." In fact, they occupied corners of the chapel. The Ambassadors and Ministers of the Emperor, and your humble servant among them, were on one side of the chapel, and hard by a portion of the singers.

It was some time after our arrival that the Imperial family came. After them followed a great number of officers and ladies, who filled the outer chamber or vestibule, or whatever else it may be called. The Archbishop of St. Petersburg, accompanied by several other dignitaries, dressed in their showy and heavy robes, which seemed to be composed more of silver and gold than anything else, and wearing three mitres, met the emperor and Empress and the rest of the Imperial group in the middle of the outer room, and received them in oriental style—bowing most profoundly, and kissing their hands, as homage which was no gracious by returned. Entering the chapel, the Emperor presented his daughter and her affianced to the Imperial chaplain, who was to perform the ceremony, and who received them on the outside of the platform. I had expected that the Metropolitan would perform this service, but he is a monk, and no monk is allowed in Russia to perform the marriage ceremony—and this is carrying them quite through, I think. The chaplain is a little old man, whose countenance was interested me much.

After the presentation of the persons who were to be married, the Emperor, Empress and the members of the Imperial family, took their places on the platform, the Emperor opposite to the bridegroom, and on the right hand of the officiating priest. The Emperor and Empress stood by a window, but in a quiet nook in the portion of the choir on that side of the chapel. Next to the Empress stood her brother the Prince of Prussia, the heir to the throne of that country. Next to him and beside another window, stood the Duchess of Leuchtenberg (the elder daughter of the Emperor,) and her sister-in-law, the wife of his Imperial Highness Alexander Nicholaivitch, the heir to the throne of Russia. Next to them stood the Grand Duke Constantine, Nicholas and Michael, who are youths of ages from eighteen to ten or twelve years. Near to them, and in one of the side doors of the chapel, stood the Grand Duke Michael, the brother of the Emperor. Next to him was the Duke of Leuchtenberg, &c.

After all had taken their places, the service commenced. The Grand Duchess and the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg stood on the platform, occupied a conspicuous station; and certainly they must through their position, have been objects of considerable manner. The Prince was dressed in the uniform of a Wurtemberg officer of the highest rank. He is a fine looking man, about 25 or between twenty-three and twenty-four years of age. He is well formed, of proper height, possesses a very pleasant countenance, and has the reputation of accomplished morals and fine talents. The Grand Duchess is twenty-four years of age, and is older than her husband by at least a year. She is a beautiful woman; she is even called the most beautiful woman in Europe. Whether she is so, I do not know, but it would be difficult to conceive of one that could possess more charms of person; and those of her mind and of her heart are said, by those who know her well, not to inferior to those of her person. She is rather above the medium height of ladies, has bright blue eyes, a fair blooming complexion, and an born hair. Her dress was magnificent, as may be supposed.

In the first place she wore a white, or rather a fawn colored silk dress, with large sleeves, that were adorned, as well as the skirt, with a rich border of flowers in silver. A red velvet cloak of a couple of inches in width, passed from one shoulder over to the other, and was fastened in the other end from which hung numerous diamonds as pendants. A necklace of the richest and most splendid kind, all sparkling with precious stones, and glowing as many a bold, her neck and bosom; whilst two treasure of her hair fell on her shoulders behind, and were most beautifully braided and formed, studded with precious stones, rested on her head; whilst a train or mantilla, of such it may be termed, made of the richest purple velvet, and lined with gold bordered with the most beautiful ermine, some ten or twelve feet long and six wide, attached to the dress below the shoulders, descended behind, and was borne by five great officers of state. In my humble opinion, she would have looked better without this splendid and heavy appendage. As it was, she appeared extremely beautiful. When she ascended the platform, and throughout the ceremony, she was fairer paler than usual, but seemed to be self-possessed. The graceful manner in which she stood, and the great beauty and loveliness which beamed from her countenance, charmed every one, and made it impossible to take the eyes off of her.

The marriage service was very long, and consisted of reading portions of the Gospels and Epistles, the chanting of prayers and hymns, the changing of crowns and hymns, the changing of rings, and the exchange of the crowns, &c. &c. The whole lasted more than one hour